

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 15, 1909.—Copyright, 1909, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association.

BRINDLE COW AND POLITICS

VEHEMENT STRANGER MAKES PLAIN THEIR CONNECTION.

He Made the First Upward Step, Only to Be Undone by a Combination of Cows, Hemlock Lumber, Smokehouses and a Red Bonnet With a Blue Feather.

GOSHEN, N. Y., Aug. 12.—"Is there anybody here," said the stranger, his vehemence of manner being in such contrast to the placidity of his countenance that it was startling, "who can tell me why it is that a fellow citizen's high ambition has got to be set down onto and the pole star of his existence put in total eclipse because the female sex is vain and man persists in building a smokehouse when he can buy good ham for 9 cents a pound?"

There was nobody present ready with an answer, but the landlord said to the vehement stranger that there was a cheaper hotel up at the other end of town. If the stranger heard the landlord's suggestion it did not appear to him. He took a long breath and burst forth again:

"Then it's plain to me that the news of Jake Goble's wife's red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it and the smokehouse Bill Hooper built hasn't got over as far as this yet. Has it?"

The news was still due, so they told him.

"Do you want to tell me, then," he exclaimed, "that the news of the pole star of my existence and its total eclipse is likewise as yet unbulletined, so to speak, in this ballroom?"

They must have wanted to tell him so, for they told him. Nothing doing whatever in pole stars of anybody's existence.

"And yet," said the man, bitterly, "they boast to me that the telegraph and the telephone and the newspaper have sent the sewing society and the quilting bee to a back seat. Bah! Don't you s'pose that if it had been left to the sewing society or the quilting bee that you'd have heard long before this how I went to Bill Hooper almost with tears in my eyes, knowing that he needed a roof on his woodshed and his garden fence jacked up a good deal more than he needed a smokehouse, and pleaded with him not to do it? Don't you?"

No one seemed to care to commit himself.

"Don't you s'pose that if it had been left to them," the vehement stranger persisted, "they'd have spread the news to you long ago that, although Jake Goble's wife did have her heart wrapped all around that red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it, she'd have had to unwrap it if it hadn't been for Bill Hooper's smokehouse?"

"I'll say," said the landlord, "and if you're waiting for the Pine Island train it goes at 2:07. It's 2:06½ now. My watch is a little slow at that."

The vehement stranger went to the Pine Island train and time seemed no object to him.

"That for your telegraphs and your telephones and your newspapers!" he said, with a contemptuous snap of his fingers. "Bah! Why, I'll bet a hen that they haven't got here yet with the news even of how for something like ten years I had pinned to be constable of the Huckleberry Hill. I'll bet a hen they haven't!"

Somebody said something about some folks always being ready to bet on a sure thing, but the vehement stranger did not heed it.

"Yes! said he, and I'll double the bet and throw in a flock of ducks that they are still shy in arriving with the news that for ten years my fellow citizens persisted in lifting some one else to the constable's office and myself to the constable's office at the last election and hoisted me to the place! What takers do I hear for that?"

If he heard any he could hear a pin drop in a boiler factory.

"It wouldn't surprise me, though," said he, "if they had got here with the news before it was half a minute old that some folks make no bones of saying that if Sam Rigby, who was running for constable against me, hadn't had a stroke election morning and hauled off I wouldn't have been lifted in even that time. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if they got here quick with that kind of news!"

The landlord said that it wouldn't have surprised him either.

"But I would be surprised," continued the stranger, "if they had added to it the news that scorned those folks and their institutions myself constable and that I unbeknownst to myself, my friends and fellow citizens and said: 'Constable ain't the pole star of my existence! It ain't! It's only a stepping stone! It's so rotten next, and then Legislature! That's what the pole star of my existence is, and if I don't clutch it I'll eat the greaser!'

"I would be surprised," indeed," he exclaimed, "if they had added that news to it!"

Then he paused and pondered a while and said:

"I told 'em that if I didn't clutch it I'd eat the greaser. I ought to be a man of my word. Have you a greaser in the house?"

The landlord said he had, but it wasn't on the menu that day. The stranger smiled a while and then exclaimed:

"But how could I have foreseen Jake Goble's wife's red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it, and Bill Hooper's smokehouse? Somebody tell me how I could and hear the cash register jingle!"

The man behind the counter looked over with a show of pleasant expectation that this indignant might prompt some one to some plausible speculative opinion at least, but none was ventured. The man behind the counter seemed disappointed. The vehement stranger did not mind that. He wanted a reply, but went right at his subject again.

"And can it actually be," said he, "that I've had to bring the news over here myself that I'm charged with stealing a brindle cow?"

The landlord suggested that maybe the stranger had got twenty-four hours the start of 'em and kept right on going.

"That might explain it," said he.

Not to the stranger's satisfaction evidently, for he ignored it, and snapping his finger contemptuously again said:

"The man behind the counter and your telephone and your newspaper! I ought to tell you when old man Frazer hired Jake Goble to tear down his old barn and take pay for it in the hemlock boards and stuff that came out of it the eclipse of the pole star of my existence began."

"Two dollars and forty-seven cents was the spot cash price Polly Skiggins paid for it," the landlord said, "and the net with the blue rooster tail in it that Jake's wife had didn't have the two forty-seven cents. So Polly said she'd take a quart of milk a day from Jake's wife in pay."

And she'd do it in a minute only for one thing. She didn't have any cow. Not seeing any way by which she could get around that little obstacle, Jake's wife would have had to unwrap her heart

WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND

OLD MAGICAL CUSTOMS THAT STILL SURVIVE.

Words Used to Cure Disease or Work Evil—Superstitions of Contagious Magic—Holy Trees and Wells Are Still Resorted To—The Clay Corpse.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—Two writers in the August number of the *Occult Review* contribute an interesting article on the "Survivals of Old Magical Customs in Great Britain."

The majority of the cases mentioned by them are connected with a belief in the power of words, which may be either charms, that is words having a magical power of their own when written or spoken, or the power conferred by the possession of names over the people or things they indicate, for in a certain stage of mind culture the name is regarded as actually being part of the thing.

It is said that in North Ireland and Arran many of the natives absolutely refuse to tell their names because the knowledge would enable the inquirer to "call" them, no matter how far he was from them and whenever he cared to do so.

Moreover, they also believe that any spell worked on the written name would have the same effect as if worked on the owner.

All over Great Britain this instinctive dislike to giving one's name to a stranger exists.

Dislike to the pronunciation of their names is not confined to human beings. Certain Scotch and English fishermen believe that the salmon and pig have a similar objection to being named, but they may be called the "red fish" or the "queer fellow."

Nowhere was the power of words greater than in Ireland, where the chief weapon of the poet was the satire. A poet would recite a satire which would blight crops, dry cows or raise ulcerous blisters on the face of his object.

Word formulae were generally used to cure disease; a formula used for epilepsy runs: "I conjure thee by the sun and by the moon and by the Holy Gospel of the day, delivered by God unto his servants Hubert, Giles, Cornelius and John, that you arise and fall no more."

This had to be whispered into the patient's ear just after an attack.

In a Roman Catholic church in Ashton-Makerfield there is still preserved in a white silk bag a hand which is still held in veneration, and cures are said to have been wrought by it. The hand is said to have been that of one Father Edmund Arrowsmith, who was executed at Lancaster in 1628 for apparently no other offence than that of being true to his faith.

After his execution one of his friends cut off his hand, which was preserved for many years at Bryn Hall in Lancashire and afterward removed to Ashton.

Contagious magic is founded on the idea that objects once related to one another retain their spiritual connection, although they may be separated, and whatever happens to one part of the other part is affected. Thus by acting on any part the whole may be influenced.

This explains why a magician wishing to act on an individual endeavors to obtain some part of his body or something actually connected with him, such as hairs from the head or beard, nail parings or teeth.

In some parts of England a girl forsaken by her lover is advised to obtain a lock of his hair and boil it; while it simmers he will have no peace.

Some two years ago a London newspaper mentioned the case of an Essex man entering a hairdresser's and requesting the barber to procure for him a piece of a certain customer's hair.

When asked the reason for this curious demand he said that the customer had injured him and he wished to work a spell against him.

All over England hair, nail parings and teeth are burned, the excuse being "it is for luck," but really it is a survival of the custom of allowing no parts of the body to remain for others to utilize.

The custom of obliterating the saliva after exorcism may be referred to the same fear. In some districts it is believed that even the imprint of a per-

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FREDERICK LOESER & CO.

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.

FREDERICK LOESER & CO.

Frederick Loeser & Co.
In every detail the Leading Retail Establishment of Brooklyn.

The Subway to Hoyt Street Brings the Loeser Store Within 17 Minutes of Forty-second Street.

Important News for Women This of Clearance of Skirts and Summer Suits

ALL SEASON THROUGH we have kept the stock of washable and other summer skirts up to such a mark of completeness and excellence that we have been told probably hundreds of times that it had no equal for quality and variety and values.

Now comes the clearance time, and hundreds of these skirts have had their modest prices cut—sometimes cut in two. A few of the very best makers have also contributed the best of their surplus, and altogether it is to be a field day in Summer Wear at small prices to-morrow.

98c. Wash Skirts at 49c.
Of white linen, a trim gored model.

Skirts at 98c.; Values to \$1.98.
Of linen and rep, in plaited and gored models.

Skirts at \$1.49; Values to \$2.98.
Of linen and English rep, plaited and gored and new hip yoke effects; seams all bound.

Skirts at \$1.98; Values to \$3.98.
English reps and linen, mostly in the new hip length plaited effects.

Suits at \$3.98; Values to \$18.98.
Washable Suits of French linens. Coats and plaited gored skirts.

Suits at \$9.98; Values to \$35.
Strictly tailored Suits of rami and choice linens; ones and twos of a kind.

Skirts at 75c.; Values to \$1.50.
Gored models, of linen, with folds around the bottom.

Suits at \$9.98; Values to \$38.
Tailored Suits of light weight stripe serges, French mohairs and choice novelty cloths. Coats are the correct walking length with semi-fitted back, single-breasted front. Plain gored skirts are richly lined with silks. It is a wonderfully fine group of Suits for such a small price.

Traveling Coats at \$3.98.
Roseberry Cloth: A Record Value.
The best offering of the sort we have made this season. These Coats of the Priestley cravat-necked roseberry cloth are perfect for traveling or motoring. Loose, light weight models or semi-fitted back styles. Double-breasted and buttoning high to neck. Very full skirts, some with plaits at side; \$15 is a modest estimate of their value.

Men's 95c. Large Body Shirts at 59c.
WE HAVE 1,200 OF THEM, made of excellent percales in light grounds with neat stripe and figure patterns. All in the plain negligee style with cuffs attached. Sizes 13½ to 17½. These are the extra comfortable body size—not often found, even in shirts for three times the price.

10c. to \$1.29 Embroideries at 5c. to 39c. a Yard.
PRETTY NEARLY EVERYTHING from the narrow baby edge to the wide and elaborate demifounce. The work is done on cambric, nainsook and swisses, and there are edgings and insertions to match in very many cases.

60c. to \$1.98 Allovers at 49c. to 99c.
Exquisite designs embroidered on good nainsook and Swiss; quite as fine as those which made such a stir some while ago.

60c. to \$1.98 Flouncings at 49c. to 99c.
Beautiful patterns in these 27-inch flouncings; mostly openwork effects with elaborate embroidery.

60c. to \$1.49 Flouncings at 49c. and 99c.
Both 18 and 27 inch flouncings remaining from recent sales are reduced for quick disposal. Some of them are solid. Some are short lengths.

More About the Oriental Rug Sale.
THE WAY THAT THE RUG STORE grew busier every day last week was evidence that those who bought first lost no time in telling their friends.

It is the kind of a Rug Sale that it is easy to talk about. In the first place, all of these Rugs are picked pieces, not at all the run of Rugs that come into the New York market.

In the next place, the reductions are from our own fair valuations and not from prices based on imagination.

Oriental Rug prices all the year around here are based on the same sort of merchandising as we do in furniture or carpets or any other commodity. This Sale, in stock adjustment, brings our regular prices lower—averaging a third less than regular. And such a saving must of necessity be widely interesting.

\$1.50 Kazaks at \$1.75.
\$2.25 Kazaks at \$1.50.
This is one of the principal features of the Sale. There is a superb stock of Carpets, and a new purchase of Tabriz and Persian Carpets gives us a choice group that we never had at any time. No one with a desire to own an Oriental Carpet should miss a view of these:

10x12.9, regularly \$250, at \$200.
10x12.9, regularly \$225, at \$180.
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8x11.9, regularly \$225, at \$180.
Mostly rich reds and blues, suitable for dining rooms and libraries.

10x12.9, regularly \$175, at \$140.
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